

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE
Published every morning at No. 160 Nassau-street, (opposite the City Hall), New-York, and delivered to City Subscribers for NINE CENTS per week—Single copies Two CENTS. Mail Subscribers, \$4 00 per annum, in advance, and the paper in no case continued beyond the time for which it is paid. Subscriptions taken for Six Months.
Terms of Advertising: For each Advertisement of 100 lines or less (over six) first insertion..... 50 Cents do. for each subsequent insertion..... 25 " do. for 250 lines or more, one week..... \$1 50 do. for 250 lines or more, two weeks..... \$2 50 do. for 250 lines or more, one month..... \$4 00 do. for 250 lines or more, three months..... \$10 00 do. for 250 lines or more, six months..... \$18 00 do. for 250 lines or more, one year..... \$32 00
Longer advertisements at equally favorable rates.
Marriages, Religious and Funeral Notices, not exceeding five lines, 25 cents.
THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, a very large paper, for the country, is published every Saturday morning, at the price of \$2 per annum, in advance.

THE TRIBUNE.

The Great Dayton Convention—100,000 Whigs in Council—The West on Fire for Clay, Fremont, Currency and Protection to Home Labor.

Correspondence of the Tribune.
DAYTON, Oct. 1st, 1862.

Gentlemen: I want you to know something of our feelings on West, and yet I hardly know how to inform you. In Dayton we had a Convention.—No! The word is too modest, too tame even to express the idea. We had a human flood, a DELUGE after the fashion of Noah's, a gathering together of humanity and mortal element never equaled in the valleys of the West, nay! nor in the valleys, nor on the hill-tops, of the East, North or South. Here were congregated men from almost every quarter of the Union, from Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and onward and inward swept the circle, bearing every thing before it, until it reached a mighty focus on the banks of our proud Miami. And not from the crowded jam of cities alone, not from the hot swarms of fierce politicians, and the dusty crowds of the vicious multitude that throng our large cities;—No, we were not flooded with these. The perfect peace and harmony of the elements marked the character of the multitude. There were congregated the bone and sinew of the MIGHTY WEST, the farmer, mechanic, and laborer, who came up to hear the watchwords of truth; men who know their rights and show by indications too strong to be misunderstood, that they dare maintain them. They laid down their implements of husbandry, and, like the patriots of '76, assembled to vindicate and establish the rights of freemen. They left their farms, the beautiful valleys and the hill sides poured forth their thousands, the whole West seemed with animated life, as if roused by the spirit of freedom and moved by its mighty breath. But my pen refuses to do its office. A specimen of the enthusiasm of the PEOPLE I cannot give you. And the only way I shall approximate to a true description of the 29th, (no, I mean the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of September), will be to give you a few extracts from my diary. I am almost too tired to do even that, but here you have it:—

Tuesday, Sept. 27, begins to be decidedly emphatic. 200 steamers and flags with their motes were beautifully over the city. 250 market wagons surround our market house, and thousands of our citizens are laying in food for feeding 100 and 200 guests each, as Joseph of Egypt laid up against the years of famine. Carriage and stage loads by the dozen are driving in. Already the streets of our little town present the hum of a crowded city.

Wednesday, 28th.—Indicates a larger gathering than the Western country has ever witnessed. Delegations fill our streets. I can't begin to describe the various types and emblems that passed through our streets from every department of industry, and every branch of the mechanic arts. Flags, streamers and stretchers, with their "sane old icons," their ingenious devices, and the various emblems and inanimate emblems of Western interests, streamed aloft from a thousand standards. According to the law of elevation and depression, contraction and expansion, the Whigs being up, the Locos are down, in the mouth and neck. Whig Democrats have their upper stories lighted up with ardor and animation; Loco Democrats have theirs lighted up with cigars "to banish their regret," and cheer their drooping, disconsolate spirits.

At Night—Four stands in different parts of the city are now occupied by distinguished speakers who are listened to by thousands and thousands. I could not stop to hear them, but as I passed I caught sufficient of the fragments, and heard the long loud bursts of applause, to learn clearly that the fire of 1840 is not only kindled upon the hearthstones of the country, but it is blazing towards Heaven, and glares most fearfully upon the enemies of the country. They read by its light the hard writing upon the wall. I have omitted to mention that our opponents had a GRAND RALLY on the 24th. The big calbed gaus all present Allen, Weller, &c. A large estimate gives them about 1200 men in the rally, Daytonians, (Whigs and all). Mr. Weller wound up with the appeal for Democrats to do as the French once did when their ship was sinking; "rally around your leaders to the ship goes down, cry, long live, long live, the Republic. So let us cry if our Democratic ship begins to sink, [and I guess it has.] Long live, long live, our Democracy." But I digress. Speaker Southgate, of Ky., says the people of his State "must give back that banner."

Thursday, 29th.—Immortal in story! Proud will be the memory of this day! 200,000 freemen assembled in the valley of the Miami to do honor and justice to their country, themselves, and their great Statesmen. Well may we be proud of the day, the time, the occasion, the object. Old Ross herself has rung her proudest hurrahs o'er scenes far less brilliant and patriotic than this. The order of arrangement was given to the people days previous to the assemblage, that every one might have at least a glimpse of our "HARRY OF THE WEST," as they should pass by him in procession. Early on the day the tide began to flow rapidly onward. Hours rolled by, and still they came, the solid mass moved on their winding way like the lava stream from the exhaustless volcano. A great mass surrounded the stand eager to see the great Statesman whose name they so long revered. One old man forced his way to the platform, stretching out his bone and sinew, grasped the hand of Clay. Says he, "I've come a long way to see you, I have heard of you often, but never saw your face before. May you live, and, like Washington, be a Father to your country." The compliment and the grateful wish were most appropriately answered.

This move caused a rush of people to shake the Statesman by the hand, and with great difficulty the marshals could succeed in restoring order. At this moment a gentleman (Mr. Crittenden, I believe) crowded up and informed Mr. Clay's attendants on the platform—Ohio's two sons, "The Wagon Boy" and "Salt Boy,"—that it would take all day for the procession to pass; and "Mr. Clay must come down," for the sun was now high and warm. Accordingly we raised the cry, "CLEAR THE WAY FOR HENRY CLAY." An opening was made and he attempted to pass, but a countless multitude of hands, like the spears and bayonets of armed thousands, presented an impassable barrier. They stood ready to grasp him as he passed; but he could not even start; they held him fast at the outset and would have crushed him with kindness. "Fellow citizens," said he, releasing his arm from their grasp, "I can not, I declare I can not shake you all by the hand; and saying he darted through the gauntlet line and disappeared behind the closing gap of 10,000 freemen, and escaped through the files of the soldiery. The ground selected for speaking was an elevation one mile south of the centre of the city. Two

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH. OFFICE NO. 160 NASSAU-STREET. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR. VOL. II. NO. 154. NEW-YORK, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1862. WHOLE NO. 166.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH.

VOL. II. NO. 154.

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 166.

o'clock was the hour designated: the time to be announced by the firing of a cannon. From 11 till 2, nothing could be seen in the road leading thither, but one dense mass of human beings pouring forth from the city, swelling onward and upward to the point of destination: no, not a point, but a *seemingly* field of woodland; and after all the disgorging from the city there still remained apparently as many as before. Daytonians were lost in the multitude. During a stay of more than two hours, I saw only three men of our city on the ground; they were like specks in the sand, scattered islands in the wide expanse of the Pacific.

After a number of brilliant and powerful addresses, the booming cannon announced the hour. Eyes glistened, blood leaped high through its channels, and hearts beat strong in many a breast as the form of the tall Kentuckian was seen moving through the sea of heads to the stand. After reading of resolutions, &c. by our Representative, R. C. SCHENCK, we listened to a speech of an hour and three-quarters from HENRY CLAY, which you will probably have. Calls long and loud were made for more speeches—"Corwin! Corwin! Crittenden! Crittenden!" Mr. Crittenden arose, but after a short time a rain storm approached and forced us to adjourn to the city, just what the Locos prayed for (if they ever pray). They obtained it; but it was most auspicious for us on every account; it cooled the atmosphere, suspended the efforts of the speakers for an hour or two, by which they were invigorated, and the dust being laid and the sky clear, they went at it again with renewed energy, until

Friday, Sept. 30, when they continued till dinner, for the people were yet here and still willing and anxious to hear, for they listened attentively to speaker after speaker for many hours. Many distinguished speakers addressed us from Kentucky; Hon. J. J. CRITTENDEN, who resigned office, loving better "the welfare of Rome than the glory of Caesar;" ex-Gov. METCALFE, ANDREWS, SOUTHGATE, from Ohio, Tom, the Wagon Boy and Tom, the Salt Boiler, and twenty other Toms almost as good as they. We had good men and true from yours and your neighboring States.

The mail is about to close and I must stop. I waited until the Convention was over before I sat down—to tell you how many were present; in the words of one of our sons, "If many body asks, how many in Dayton to-day, say, 'Tell them you really can not say.'"

Mr. Clay says, of all the crowds in Europe or elsewhere he never saw one so great. A vast sea of human heads surrounded the platform, covering many acres; hats off, bald pates and grey, black heads and white, red heads but none blue—for we were all sober. Young and old we stood, shoulder to shoulder, and so will we march in October next.

Tuesday, Sept. 27, begins to be decidedly emphatic. 200 steamers and flags with their motes were beautifully over the city. 250 market wagons surround our market house, and thousands of our citizens are laying in food for feeding 100 and 200 guests each, as Joseph of Egypt laid up against the years of famine. Carriage and stage loads by the dozen are driving in. Already the streets of our little town present the hum of a crowded city.

Wednesday, 28th.—Indicates a larger gathering than the Western country has ever witnessed. Delegations fill our streets. I can't begin to describe the various types and emblems that passed through our streets from every department of industry, and every branch of the mechanic arts. Flags, streamers and stretchers, with their "sane old icons," their ingenious devices, and the various emblems and inanimate emblems of Western interests, streamed aloft from a thousand standards. According to the law of elevation and depression, contraction and expansion, the Whigs being up, the Locos are down, in the mouth and neck. Whig Democrats have their upper stories lighted up with ardor and animation; Loco Democrats have theirs lighted up with cigars "to banish their regret," and cheer their drooping, disconsolate spirits.

At Night—Four stands in different parts of the city are now occupied by distinguished speakers who are listened to by thousands and thousands. I could not stop to hear them, but as I passed I caught sufficient of the fragments, and heard the long loud bursts of applause, to learn clearly that the fire of 1840 is not only kindled upon the hearthstones of the country, but it is blazing towards Heaven, and glares most fearfully upon the enemies of the country. They read by its light the hard writing upon the wall. I have omitted to mention that our opponents had a GRAND RALLY on the 24th. The big calbed gaus all present Allen, Weller, &c. A large estimate gives them about 1200 men in the rally, Daytonians, (Whigs and all). Mr. Weller wound up with the appeal for Democrats to do as the French once did when their ship was sinking; "rally around your leaders to the ship goes down, cry, long live, long live, the Republic. So let us cry if our Democratic ship begins to sink, [and I guess it has.] Long live, long live, our Democracy." But I digress. Speaker Southgate, of Ky., says the people of his State "must give back that banner."

Thursday, 29th.—Immortal in story! Proud will be the memory of this day! 200,000 freemen assembled in the valley of the Miami to do honor and justice to their country, themselves, and their great Statesmen. Well may we be proud of the day, the time, the occasion, the object. Old Ross herself has rung her proudest hurrahs o'er scenes far less brilliant and patriotic than this. The order of arrangement was given to the people days previous to the assemblage, that every one might have at least a glimpse of our "HARRY OF THE WEST," as they should pass by him in procession. Early on the day the tide began to flow rapidly onward. Hours rolled by, and still they came, the solid mass moved on their winding way like the lava stream from the exhaustless volcano. A great mass surrounded the stand eager to see the great Statesman whose name they so long revered. One old man forced his way to the platform, stretching out his bone and sinew, grasped the hand of Clay. Says he, "I've come a long way to see you, I have heard of you often, but never saw your face before. May you live, and, like Washington, be a Father to your country." The compliment and the grateful wish were most appropriately answered.

This move caused a rush of people to shake the Statesman by the hand, and with great difficulty the marshals could succeed in restoring order. At this moment a gentleman (Mr. Crittenden, I believe) crowded up and informed Mr. Clay's attendants on the platform—Ohio's two sons, "The Wagon Boy" and "Salt Boy,"—that it would take all day for the procession to pass; and "Mr. Clay must come down," for the sun was now high and warm. Accordingly we raised the cry, "CLEAR THE WAY FOR HENRY CLAY." An opening was made and he attempted to pass, but a countless multitude of hands, like the spears and bayonets of armed thousands, presented an impassable barrier. They stood ready to grasp him as he passed; but he could not even start; they held him fast at the outset and would have crushed him with kindness. "Fellow citizens," said he, releasing his arm from their grasp, "I can not, I declare I can not shake you all by the hand; and saying he darted through the gauntlet line and disappeared behind the closing gap of 10,000 freemen, and escaped through the files of the soldiery. The ground selected for speaking was an elevation one mile south of the centre of the city. Two

o'clock was the hour designated: the time to be announced by the firing of a cannon. From 11 till 2, nothing could be seen in the road leading thither, but one dense mass of human beings pouring forth from the city, swelling onward and upward to the point of destination: no, not a point, but a *seemingly* field of woodland; and after all the disgorging from the city there still remained apparently as many as before. Daytonians were lost in the multitude. During a stay of more than two hours, I saw only three men of our city on the ground; they were like specks in the sand, scattered islands in the wide expanse of the Pacific.

After a number of brilliant and powerful addresses, the booming cannon announced the hour. Eyes glistened, blood leaped high through its channels, and hearts beat strong in many a breast as the form of the tall Kentuckian was seen moving through the sea of heads to the stand. After reading of resolutions, &c. by our Representative, R. C. SCHENCK, we listened to a speech of an hour and three-quarters from HENRY CLAY, which you will probably have. Calls long and loud were made for more speeches—"Corwin! Corwin! Crittenden! Crittenden!" Mr. Crittenden arose, but after a short time a rain storm approached and forced us to adjourn to the city, just what the Locos prayed for (if they ever pray). They obtained it; but it was most auspicious for us on every account; it cooled the atmosphere, suspended the efforts of the speakers for an hour or two, by which they were invigorated, and the dust being laid and the sky clear, they went at it again with renewed energy, until

THE MASS MEETING AT DAYTON—ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THOUSAND FREEMEN IN COUNCIL.

Start not reader! It is even so. On the 29th day of September, 1842, one hundred and thirty thousand freemen, banded together by common feeling, and resolved to labor for the common right, met together at Dayton, to pledge anew their faith to each other and their country!

What a multitude! What a cause, too, must that be which would bring so many together!—What a deep conviction in the bosom of that gathered throng of the necessity of a fresher and bolder effort to save the State and Nation from misrule and corruption! How must the people feel when, not from curiosity, not from any passing impulse, they quit their farms, and their workshops, to testify before the country, with a brotherhood energy and earnestness, in the cause of the country? This spirit is irresistible. Conquer it must and will.

A friend who was at Dayton has furnished us with the following particulars: During Wednesday the people poured in like a flood. Delegations, large and small, were arriving, until late in the night, and, indeed, during the whole night. The committee had made ample arrangements; a large number of Marshals were stationed at the outskirts of the town, and as the people came in, they were sent direct to quarters provided for them. The hospitality of the citizens of Dayton, including many of our opponents, was unbounded; the latch string was out. On the evening of Wednesday large crowds were gathered, and listened to speeches from Col. Chambers, of Muskingum, Galloway, of Highland, C. M. Clay, W. Southgate, of Kentucky, Bebb, of Butler, and Walker, of Ohio.

But Thursday was the great day! And a day it was, such as I never saw before, and never expect to see again. Description would fail the most gifted pen here. Early the processions came thundering in the tramp of horses, the banners floating in the breeze; the emblems of the different trades, numerous and all borne aloft; the earnest countenances of men and women; the shout of the multitude; the multitude itself—who can picture forth the scene! Neither pen nor pencil can do it. A man must have seen to realize it.

At 8 o'clock, when every street in the city was filled, and there seemed no resting-place for any, the procession was formed. This occupied a long time. When done, the order, "March!" was given; and in solid mass we moved to welcome the great Statesman, Henry Clay, into the city. He was met near the city, and, at 9 o'clock, reached the neighborhood of the National Hotel. Here a beautiful sight was witnessed. One hundred and twenty-five children, as the honest patriots approached, welcomed him with songs! Their sweet voices rang out in merry peals, and the multitude responded to it with the heartiest enthusiasm. After this, Mr. Clay occupied a stand for some time, as the procession passed by, welcoming him to Ohio, and in return receiving his salutations.

When the procession had passed, Mr. Clay retired into the Hotel. Gov. Metcalf then appeared at the window, and delivered a speech—returning the thanks of Kentucky for the warm-hearted reception they had met with, and bidding all who loved the name of American to rally together in defence of American liberty and American labor. His effort was a happy one—at once eloquent and powerful.

It was now near noon, and it was proposed that the multitude should take a repast. For this purpose we adjourned to the market-house; and here we found every thing we could desire. The inside of the market-house was appropriated to the ladies, the outside to the men; and the good farmers of the neighborhood having killed their best and fattest beaves, &c., we had enough for all and to spare.

This over, the crowd began pouring out of Main-street to the speaking ground, and from 12 until 3 o'clock the broad street was one mass of moving people. So thick were they, that it was difficult for a carriage to get along! All who could hear now gathered round the speaker's stand. Mr. White, of Indiana, led off; Mr. Andrews, of Kentucky, Mr. Ewing, Mr. Crittenden, Gov. Corwin, followed. Mr. Schenck then read resolutions prepared by the Committee, nominating Henry Clay and John Davis for the Whig candidates for 1844. At this time Mr. Clay was seen in the crowd, and then, as if there had been one voice only, the shout went forth for the Statesman of the Nation. He answered it; and, in a speech of two hours, plain, yet eloquent, he spoke, concealing no opinion, disguising no wish, the multitude all the while listening with eager attention and breathless silence. And such a speech! It was a master-effort of a master-spirit.

The day was now fast waning; but not so with the spirit of the people. They had heard much, but they wished to hear more; and so the evening was devoted to speaking. Ewing, and others of our leading friends, spoke; and then were heard many voices in stirring song, rousing up the patriotism of all. And so passed the day! Glad hearts were made gladder by sympathy, and universal good feeling encouraged, and patriotism strengthened, and all this done without excess, or violence, or accident. It was, you may rely upon it, a glorious day—an occasion of which you may feel proud, which we may talk about, and which must tell upon the whole West! [Cin. Gaz.]

CELEBRATION OF THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CROTON WATER.

At a meeting of the Joint Committee of the Common Council, appointed to make arrangements for celebrating with all suitable magnificence the introduction of the Croton Water in the City of New-York, held September 2nd, 1842, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted: Resolved, That our fellow-citizens be and are hereby respectfully invited to unite with the Corporation in celebrating with all proper demonstrations of joy the accomplishment of this important work, on Friday, the 14th day of October next.

Resolved, That the Military, the Fire Department, the Temperance Societies, Old Friends, Free Masons, and all other Societies in the City of New-York and its vicinity, the Mechanics, Artists, Manufacturers, Tradesmen, Merchants, and citizens of all other professions, be and are hereby respectfully requested to convene meetings of their respective bodies, and appoint in their behalf two representatives from each to meet the Committee of the Corporation in the Mayor's Office on the 9th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M.

Resolved, That it be recommended to our citizens generally to suspend business on the 14th day of October, and that they be invited to join in the celebration. HENRY E. DAVIES, Ald. 15th Ward. J. F. NESSITT, Ald. 2d Ward. C. J. DODGE, Ass't Ald. 11th Ward. R. H. ATWELL, Ass't Ald. 6th Ward. W. M. DODGE, Ass't Ald. 3d Ward. F. R. LEE, Ass't Ald. 17th Ward. E. D. WEST, Ass't Ald. 15th Ward. C. CROLIUS, JR., Ald. 9th Ward. C. W. SMITH, Ald. 7th Ward. DANIEL WALK, Ass't Ald. 16th Ward.

State of New-York—Secretary's Office, ALBANY, August 31, 1842. To the Sheriff of the City and County of New-York: Six—Notice is hereby given that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor and Lieutenant Governor of this State. A Senator of the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of Gabriel Furman, on the last day of December next.

Also, the following City and County Officers, to wit: Thirteen Members of Assembly, and a Register, in the place of J. Sherman Brown, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. Yours, respectfully, S. TOWN, Secretary of State.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State. MONMOUTH B. HART, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York. Sheriff's Office, New-York, Sept. 10, 1842. All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above notice in each week until the election. See revised Statute, vol. 1st, chap. 5th, title 34, article 1st, part 1st, page 148.

ASSOCIATION.

Or, Plan for a Re-organization of Society.

The Editorship of this column is distinct from that of The Tribune. Letters on the subject are to be addressed, post paid, to A. BRISANE, 76 Leonard-street, New-York.

Lecture.—A Lecture will be delivered this Evening at the Lecture Hall, 411 Broadway, at 7 o'clock. The subject will be The Theory of the Passions. The Lecture will be free.

A special meeting of the Executive Council will take place To-morrow (Saturday) Evening, at 7 o'clock. J. T. SMITH, Secretary.

Spread of the Doctrine of Association.

We are happy to inform our friends here and in Europe, that the Doctrine of Association is spreading with rapidity in the United States. Numbers of persons in every part of our extensive Country have been gained to the Cause, and are propagating it—animated by an ardent faith that practical means are at last discovered for remedying the numerous Evils which exist, and of elevating and improving the condition of the People. Several Societies, similar to the one existing in this City—the object of which is to spread the Doctrine by Lectures and other means—have been formed in different States; quite a number of papers—over forty, we think—are favorable to our principles, and frequently republish our articles. But the most important sign of the progress which the grand and noble Doctrine of Association and of Union and Concert of Action among Men, is making, and which is destined to replace the present system of Isolation, universal Opposition, or war in Trade and Labor, and ruinous Competition, is the large number of Associations which are starting into existence in different parts of the Country. But a year or two since, Association was hardly thought of, and now the feeling for it is working so strongly in Men that it is beginning to produce important external and practical results.

The following Associations have been founded: One at Roxbury, Mass., under the direction of the Rev. George Ripley, which took the lead; a second one at Mendon, Mass., under the direction of the Rev. Adin Ballou; a third at Northampton, Mass., under the direction of Professor Adams; a fourth in Pennsylvania, by a body of Germans, under the guidance of Mr. Ginal, a German Divine;—they have obtained a tract of 37,000 acres of land, and are going on very successfully: they have mills in operation, and the Stock of the Association has, we are informed, advanced 100 per cent. since the first day of last January. In Brooklyn, our friends, under the direction of Mr. Little and some other gentlemen, have decided upon commencing practical operations, and have made arrangements for a tract of land of 3,000 acres in Pennsylvania. Efforts are also making in other quarters to organize Associations, which will, without doubt, produce results in the course of the year.

These Associations have commenced with moderate means, and are consequently incomplete, but they are all successful. People are becoming sick and disgusted with the present system of envious and ruinous Competition, and of universal Opposition, Antagonism and Distrust, in which every man's hand is raised against his neighbor, and in which each individual is striving to forward his interests at the expense of all others around him. The old prejudice that men must live separate, each in his own house, as if they were savage animals, is giving way, and a feeling for association, for concert of action, for reciprocal aid and good will, is beginning to warm men's souls, and offer the prospect of a better and a happier fortune than the miserable past and present, in which all is and has been uncertainty, revolutions, ruin and disappointment.

If we—with the aid of the grand discovery of Fourier—were not able to convince men of the immense superiority of Association, and the vast benefits—moral and intellectual, as well as worldly—which it would confer upon them, a few years more of isolated andacherous exertion, of relentless, envious and fiendish competition, with the poverty to which it reduces the Laboring Classes, and the horrible selfishness, spirit of disoblighness and antipathy to which it gives rise, will convince Men practically of it, and they will flee to Association as to a refuge.

From the London Standard. We want the true elevation of Mankind from animal to spiritual being. We want the mental and the moral and physical refinement of the Human Race, and we believe we know the means by which our wants may be and will be satisfied progressively.

These means consist of numerous details in principle and action, simultaneously and consecutively to be realized as circumstances and the will of God permit; but first of all, the people must be more or less emancipated from the drudgery of menial labor and continuous physical exertion. This requires a special combination, which we shall allude to presently, as the industrial charter of our new industrial world. When this first step in gradual emancipation has been partly realized, we shall commence a course of unitary and incessant moral training based on spiritual principles or true Religion, and then moral, mental and material elevation will be carried on together in progressive unity as far as possible, and with as much rapidity as prudence and good faith will warrant, under Providence.

This is what we want, then, and the first thing to be realized, according to this want, is a New Industrial World, of which the chart contains two leading elements. 1st. Locate the people on the land in joint-stock freeholds. 2d. That machinery may labor for the Mass, and not against them.

These are the fundamental points of our Industrial Charter; the first of all our wants, but not the most important. Until this want has been secured in practical arrangements, nothing can be done to raise the Human Race from animality to rationality and heavenly consecration. To feed them, only, in their brutal degradation, is a brutal want, and not the want of a true Christian, who should love his neighbor as himself, and also love his enemies.

We are disgusted with the wants of sects and parties in exclusive animality, because their wants are merely selfish, and the policy which they adopt to gain their petty ends, is low and groveling and hateful; and insanity pervades their understanding because selfishness pervades their souls; and thence it is that none can understand the laws of truth and justice in Society, but those who want to practice Christian principles, and love their neighbors as themselves. But what is most disgusting in exclusive parties is that, though they do not love their neighbors as themselves, they want to make the world believe they do, and hence they are voracious in wordy warfare, crying out against their neighbors, and deluding the bewildered multitude by fixing epithets upon each other, and discussing the propriety of false pretensions. Each brands the others with the epithets of "infidelity," and "robbery," and "insincerity;" and while the multitude are gazing stupidly at their conflicting leaders, they are robbed of all their temporal productions, and excluded from the light of spiritual truth and happiness.

TO A DISCERNING PUBLIC.

Self-preservation is an inherent principle firmly seated in the heart of man. He alights upon the shores of Time the most helpless of all God's creatures, but as soon as Reason

trains her standard, he sees, and thinks, and exercises himself with objects of protection; he is conscious of a more noble intellect which distinguishes him as the head of all. By his power mountains are leveled, rivers are turned from their course, the land is girt with iron-bound tracks, enabling him to fly, as it were, with the wings of the wind; the ocean sparkles beneath his feet as the gallant ship speeds on to some distant shore. But with all this delegated wisdom, man is helpless still; as the green foliage of nature is destroyed by the autumnal frosts, so are men cut down by the hand of disease. It walks abroad, and we cannot stay its progress; men fall by the wayside, and others mourn their loss. But as the history of mankind evinces a gradual improvement, who will say that suffering and pain is to accompany us in all our walks of life. Among the many and important discoveries of this generation is one recently announced to the public, whose fame will be written as with a sunbeam in the history of the past. SANDO'S SARSAPARILLA stands forth alone, and by its own works proclaims its power—dissolves morbid clots, so irresistibly affecting the system of the sufferer, for it is not a medicine, but a cure. Diseases have been cured by this invaluable medicine, such as not furnished in the records of time. These things are not done in secret places or some unknown town, but are done in our public places and the highways. They are brought before the world to substantiate beyond doubt the healing virtues of this new preparation, and the facts are, indeed, as plain as the sun in the sky, and as true as the fact that High Priest of Envy that can gnaw Truth.

The following cure of an inveterate case of Scrofula is submitted to the careful consideration of a discerning public, and its truth vouched for from such a source as cannot be called in question. It may well be said, "Truth is stranger than Fiction." NEW YORK, Sept. 11, 1842.

Messrs. Sando: Gent.—In the cholera season of the year 1832, a disease first made its appearance on the end of my tongue, which continued to spread gradually, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

A scrofulous affection now commenced on my right cheek a little below the eye, and continuing inward and upward, reached the bone, forming matter, internally, which discharged in the mouth through an opening caused by the extraction of a tooth. The disease then spread upon the roof of the mouth, and I was treated by different physicians without receiving any essential benefit. I was salivated until the flesh dropped from my gums. My friends were nearly crazed, and I was nearly dead. I was cut and cross-cut, until I was told that the only cure would be to cut my tongue off at the root; but as it seemed uncertain whether I should live or die, I refused to do so. I then, I preferred to risk my life rather than submit to the operation.

MRS. HOLTON'S Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. No. 11 Amity-st. as39 2m.
MR. and MRS. BAILEY will re-open their Young Ladies' School, 1